

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal
CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS

No. 717. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1882.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXL. MR. SCARBOROUGH'S THOUGHTS OF HIMSELF.

WHEN Mr. Scarborough was left alone he did not go to sleep, as he had pretended, but lay there for an hour, thinking of his position and indulging to the full the feelings of anger which he now entertained towards his second son. He had never, in truth, loved Augustus. Augustus was very like his father in his capacity for organising deceit, for plotting, and so contriving that his own will should be in opposition to the wills of all those around him. But they were thoroughly unlike in the object to be attained. Mr. Scarborough was not a selfish man. Augustus was selfish and nothing else. Mr. Scarborough hated the law—because it was the law and endeavoured to put a restraint upon him and others. Augustus liked the law—unless when in particular points it interfered with his own actions. Mr. Scarborough thought that he could do better than the law. Augustus wished to do worse. Mr. Scarborough never blushed at what he himself attempted, unless he failed, which was not often the case. But he was constantly driven to blush for his son. Augustus blushed for nothing and for nobody. When Mr. Scarborough had declared to the attorney that just praise was due to Augustus for the nobility of the sacrifice he was making, Augustus had understood his father accurately and determined to be revenged, not because of the expression of his father's thoughts, but because he had so expressed himself before the attorney. Mr. Scarborough also thought that he was entitled to his revenge.

When he had been left alone for an

hour he rang the bell, which was close at his side, and called for Mr. Merton.

"Where is Mr. Grey?"

"I think he has ordered the waggonette to take him to the station."

"And where is Augustus?"

"I do not know."

"And Mr. Jones? I suppose they have not gone to the station. Just feel my pulse, Merton. I am afraid I am very weak." Mr. Merton felt his pulse and shook his head: "There isn't a pulse, so to speak."

"Oh yes; but it is irregular. If you will exert yourself so violently——"

"That is all very well; but a man has to exert himself sometimes, let the penalty be what it may. When do you think that Sir William will have to come again?" Sir William, when he came, would come with his knife, and his advent was always to be feared.

"It depends very much on yourself, Mr. Scarborough. I don't think he can come very often, but you may make the distances long or short. You should attend to no business."

"That is absolute rubbish."

"Nevertheless it is my duty to say so. Whatever arrangements may be required, they should be made by others. Of course, if you do as you have done this morning I can suggest some little relief. I can give you tonics and increase the amount. But I cannot resist the evil which you yourself do yourself."

"I understand all about it."

"You will kill yourself if you go on."

"I don't mean to go on any further—not as I have done to-day; but as to giving up business, that is rubbish. I have got my property to manage, and I mean to manage it myself as long as I live. Unfortunately there have been accidents which

make the management a little rough at times. I have had one of the rough moments to-day; but they shall not be repeated. I give you my word of that. But do not talk to me about giving up my business. Now I'll take your tonics, and then would you have the kindness to ask my sister to come to me?"

Miss Scarborough, who was always in waiting on her brother, was at once in the room. "Martha," he said, "where is Augustus?"

"I think he has gone out."

"And where is Mr. Septimus Jones?"

"He is with him, John. The two are always together."

"You would not mind giving my compliments to Mr. Jones, and telling him that his bedroom is wanted?"

"His bedroom wanted! There are lots of bedrooms, and nobody to occupy them."

"It's a hint that I want him to go; he'd understand that."

"Would it not be better to tell Augustus?" asked the lady, doubting much her power to carry out the instructions given to her.

"He would tell Augustus. It is not, you see, any objection I have to Mr. Jones. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He is a most agreeable young man, I'm sure; but I do not care to entertain an agreeable young man without having a word to say on the subject. Augustus does not think it worth his while even to speak to me about him. Of course, when I am gone, in a month or so—perhaps a week or two—he can do as he pleases."

"Don't, John!"

"But it is so. While I live I am master at least of this house. I cannot see Mr. Jones, and I do not wish to have another quarrel with Augustus. Mr. Merton says that every time I get angry it gives Sir William another chance with the knife. I thought that perhaps you could do it." Then Miss Scarborough promised that she would do it, and, having her brother's health very much at heart, she did do it. Augustus stood smiling while the message was, in fact, conveyed to him, but he made no answer. When the lady had done, he bobbed his head to signify that he acknowledged the receipt of it, and the lady retired.

"I have got my walking papers," he said to Septimus Jones ten minutes afterwards.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you? Then you must be very

thick-headed. My father has sent me word that you are to be turned out. Of course he means it for me. He does not wish to give me the power of saying that he sent me away from his house—me, whom he has so long endeavoured to rob—me, to whom he owes so much for taking no steps to punish his fraud. And he knows that I can take none because he is on his death-bed."

"But you couldn't, could you, if he were—were anywhere else?"

"Couldn't I? That's all you know about it. Understand, however, that I shall start to-morrow morning, and unless you like to remain here on a visit to him, you had better go with me." Mr. Jones signified his compliance with the hint, and so Miss Scarborough had done her work.

Mr. Scarborough, when thus left alone, spent his time chiefly in thinking of the condition of his sons. His eldest son, Mountjoy, who had ever been his favourite, whom as a little boy he had spoiled by every means in his power, was a ruined man. His debts had all been paid, except the money due to the money-lenders. But he was not the less a ruined man. Where he was at this moment his father did not know. All the world knew the injustice of which he had been guilty on his boy's behalf, and all the world knew the failure of the endeavour. And now he had made a great and a successful effort to give back to his legitimate heir all the property. But in return the second son only desired his death, and almost told him so to his face. He had been proud of Augustus as a lad, but he had never loved him as he had loved Mountjoy. Now he knew that he and Augustus must henceforward be absolutely enemies. Never for a moment did he think of giving up his power over the estate, as long as the estate should still be his. Though it should be but for a month, though it should be but for a week, he would hold his own. Such was the nature of the man, and when he swallowed Mr. Merton's tonics, he did so more with the idea of keeping the property out of his son's hands than of preserving his own life. According to his view, he had done very much for Augustus, and this was the return which he received!

And in truth he had done much for Augustus. For years past it had been his object to leave to his second son as much as would come to his first. He had continued to put money by for him, instead of spending his income on himself. Of this

Mr. Grey had known much, but had said nothing, when he was speaking those severe words which Mr. Scarborough had always contrived to receive with laughter. But he had felt their injustice, though he had himself ridiculed the idea of law. There had been the two sons, both born from the same mother, and he had willed that they should be both rich men, living among the foremost of their fellow-men, and the circumstances of the property would have helped him. The income from year to year went on increasing. The water-mills of Tretton and the town of Tretton had grown and been expanded within his domain, and the management of the sales, in Mr. Grey's hands, had been judicious. The revenues were double now what they had been when Mr. Scarborough first inherited it. It was all, no doubt, entailed, but for twenty years he had enjoyed the power of accumulating a sum of money for his second son's sake—or would have enjoyed it, had not the accumulation been taken from him to pay Mountjoy's debts. It was in vain that he attempted to make Mountjoy responsible for the money. Mountjoy's debts, and irregularities, and gambling went on, till Mr. Scarborough found himself bound to dethrone the illegitimate son, and to place the legitimate in his proper position.

In doing the deed he had not suffered much, though the circumstances which had led to the doing of it had been full of pain. There had been an actual pleasure to him in thus showing himself to be superior to the conventionalities of the world. There was Augustus still ready to occupy the position to which he had in truth been born. And at the moment Mountjoy had gone—he knew not where. There had been gambling debts which, coming as they did after many others, he had refused to pay. He himself was dying at the moment—as he thought. It would be better for him to take up with Augustus. Mountjoy he must leave to his fate. For such a son, so reckless, so incurable, so hopeless, it was impossible that anything further should be done. He would at least enjoy the power of leaving those wretched creditors without their money. There would be some triumph, some consolation, in that. So he had done, and now his heir turned against him!

It was very bitter to him as he lay thinking of it all. He was a man who was from his constitution and heart capable of making great sacrifices for those he

loved. He had a most thorough contempt for the character of an honest man. He did not believe in honesty, but only in mock honesty. And yet he would speak of an honest man with admiration, meaning something altogether different from the honesty of which men ordinarily spoke. The usual honesty of the world was with him all pretence, or, if not, assumed for the sake of the character it would achieve. Mr. Grey he knew to be honest; Mr. Grey's word he knew to be true; but he fancied that Mr. Grey had adopted this absurd mode of living with the view of cheating his neighbours by appearing to be better than others. All virtue and all vice were comprised by him in the words "good-nature" and "ill-nature." All church-going propensities—and these propensities in his estimate extended very widely—he scorned from the very bottom of his heart. That one set of words should be deemed more wicked than another, as in regard to swearing, was to him a sign either of hypocrisy, of idolatry, or of feminine weakness of intellect. To women he allowed the privilege of being, in regard to thought, only something better than dogs. When his sister Martha shuddered at some exclamation from his mouth he would say to himself simply that she was a woman, not an idiot or a hypocrite. Of women, old and young, he had been very fond, and in his manner to them very tender, but when a woman rose to a way of thinking akin to his own, she was no longer a woman to his senses. Against such a one his taste revolted. She sank to the level of a man contaminated by petticoats. And law was hardly less absurd to him than religion. It consisted of a perplexed entanglement of rules got together so that the few might live in comfort at the expense of the many. Robbery, if you could get to the bottom of it, was bad, as was all violence; but taxation was robbery, rent was robbery, prices fixed according to the desire of the seller and not in obedience to justice, were robbery. "Then you are the greatest of robbers," his friends would say to him. He would admit it, allowing that in such a state of society he was not prepared to go out and live naked in the streets if he could help it. But he delighted to get the better of the law, and triumphed in his own iniquity, as has been seen by his conduct in reference to his sons.

In this way he lived, and was kind to many people, having a generous and an

open hand. But he was a man who could hate with a bitter hatred, and he hated most those suspected by him of mean or dirty conduct. Mr. Grey, who constantly told him to his face that he was a rascal, he did not hate at all. Thinking Mr. Grey to be in some respects idiotic, he respected him, and almost loved him. He thoroughly believed Mr. Grey, thinking him to be an ass for telling so much truth unnecessarily. And he had loved his son Mountjoy in spite of all his iniquities, and had fostered him till it was impossible to foster him any longer. Then he had endeavoured to love Augustus, and did not in the least love him the less because his son told him frequently of the wicked things he had done. He did not object to be told of his wickedness even by his son. But Augustus suspected him of other things than those of which he accused him, and attempted to be sharp with him, and to get the better of him at his own game. And his son laughed at him and scorned him, and regarded him as one who was troublesome only for a time, and who need not be treated with much attention, because he was there only for a time. Therefore he hated Augustus. But Augustus was his heir, and he knew that he must die soon.

But for how long could he live? And what could he yet do before he died? A braver man than Mr. Scarborough never lived—that is, one who less feared to die. Whether that is true courage may be a question, but it was his, in conjunction with courage of another description. He did not fear to die, nor did he fear to live. But what he did fear was to fail before he died. Not to go out with the conviction that he was vanishing amidst the glory of success, was to him to be wretched at his last moment. And to be wretched at his last moment, or to anticipate that he should be so, was to him—even so near his last hours—the acme of misery. How much of life was left to him, so that he might recover something of success? Or was any moment left to him?

He could not sleep, so he rang his bell, and again sent for Mr. Merton. "I have taken what you told me."

"So best," said Mr. Merton. For he did not always feel assured that this strange patient would take what had been ordered.

"And I have tried to sleep."

"That will come after a while. You would not naturally sleep just after the tonic."

"And I have been thinking of what you said about business. There is one thing I must do, and then I can remain quiet for a fortnight, unless I should be called upon to disturb my rest by dying."

"We will hope not."

"That may go as it pleases," said the sick man. "I want you now to write a letter for me to Mr. Grey." Mr. Merton had undertaken to perform the duties of secretary as well as doctor, and had thought in this way to obtain some authority over his patient for the patient's own good. But he had found already that no authority had come to him. He now sat down at a table close to the bedside, and prepared to write in accordance with Mr. Scarborough's dictation. "I think that Grey—the lawyer, you know—is a good man."

"The world, as far as I hear it, says that he is honest."

"I don't care a straw what the world says. The world says that I am dishonest, but I am not." Merton could only shrug his shoulders. "I don't say that because I want you to change your opinion. I don't care what you think. But I tell you a fact. I doubt whether Grey is so absolutely honest as I am, but as things go he is a good man."

"Certainly."

"But the world, I suppose, says that my son Augustus is honest."

"Well, yes; I should suppose so."

"If you have looked into him and have seen the contrary, I respect your intelligence."

"I did not mean anything particular."

"I dare say not, and if so, I mean nothing particular as to your intelligence. He, at any rate, is a scoundrel. Mountjoy—you know Mountjoy?"

"Never saw him in my life."

"I don't think he is a scoundrel—not all round. He has gambled when he has not had money to pay. That is bad. And he has promised when he wanted money, and broken his word as soon as he had got it, which is bad also. And he has thought himself to be a fine fellow because he has been intimate with lords and dukes, which is very bad. He has never cared whether he paid his tailor. I do not mean that he has merely got into debt, which a young man such as he cannot help; but he has not cared whether his breeches were his or another man's. That too is bad. Though he has been passionately fond of women, it has only been for himself, not for the women, which is very bad.

There is an immense deal to be altered before he can go to heaven."

"I hope the change may come before it is too late," said Merton.

"These changes don't come very suddenly, you know. But there is some chance for Mountjoy. I don't think that there is any for Augustus!" Here he paused, but Merton did not feel disposed to make any remark. "You don't happen to know a young man of the name of Annesley—Harry Annesley?"

"I have heard his name from your son."

"From Augustus? Then you didn't hear any good of him, I'm sure. You have heard all the row about poor Mountjoy's disappearance?"

"I heard that he did disappear."

"After a quarrel with that Annesley."

"After some quarrel. I did not notice the name at the time."

"Harry Annesley was the name. Now Augustus says that Harry Annesley was the last person who saw Mountjoy before his disappearance—the last who knew him. He implies thereby that Annesley was the conscious or unconscious cause of his disappearance."

"Well, yes."

"Certainly it is so. And as it has been thought by the police, and by other fools, that Mountjoy was murdered—that his disappearance was occasioned by his death, either by murder or suicide, it follows that Annesley must have had something to do with it. That is the inference, is it not?"

"I should suppose so," said Merton.

"That is manifestly the inference which Augustus draws. To hear him speak to me about it you would suppose that he suspected Annesley of having killed Mountjoy."

"Not that, I hope."

"Something of the sort. He has intended it to be believed that Annesley, for his own purposes, has caused Mountjoy to be made away with. He has endeavoured to fill the police with that idea. A policeman generally is the biggest fool that London, or England, or the world produces, and has been selected on that account. Therefore the police have a beautifully mysterious, but altogether ignorant suspicion as to Annesley. That is the doing of Augustus, for some purpose of his own. Now let me tell you that Augustus saw Mountjoy after Annesley had seen him, that he knows this to be the case, and that it was Augustus who contrived Mountjoy's disappearance.

Now, what do you think of Augustus?" This was a question which Merton did not find it very easy to answer. But Mr. Scarborough waited for a reply. "Eh?" he exclaimed.

"I had rather not give an opinion on a point so raised."

"You may. Of course you understand that I intend you to assert that Augustus is the greatest blackguard you ever knew. If you have anything to say in his favour you can say it."

"Only that you may be mistaken. Living down here, you may not know the truth."

"Just that. But I do know the truth. Augustus is very clever; but there are others as clever as he is. He can pay, but then so can I. That he should want to get Mountjoy out of the way is intelligible. Mountjoy has become disreputable, and had better be out of the way. But why persistently endeavour to throw the blame upon young Annesley? That surprises me—only I do not care much about it. I hear now for the first time that he has ruined young Annesley, and that does appear to be very horrible. But why does he want to pay eighty thousand pounds to these creditors? That I should wish to do so—out of a property which must in a very short time become his—would be intelligible. I may be supposed to have some affection for Mountjoy, and, after all, am not called upon to pay the money out of my own pocket. Do you understand it?"

"Not in the least," said Merton, who did not indeed very much care about it.

"Nor do I—only this, that if he could pay these men and deprive them of all power of obtaining further payment, let who would have the property, they at any rate would be quiet. Augustus is now my eldest son. Perhaps he thinks that he might not remain so. If I were out of the way, and these creditors were paid, he thinks that poor Mountjoy wouldn't have a chance. He shall pay this eighty thousand pounds. Mountjoy hasn't a chance as it is; but Augustus shall pay the penalty."

Then he threw himself back on the bed, and Mr. Merton begged him to spare himself the trouble of the letter for the present. But in a few minutes he was again on his elbow and took some further medicine. "I'm a great ass," he said, "to help Augustus in playing his game. If I were to go off at once he would be the happiest

fellow left alive. But come, let us begin." Then he dictated the letter as follows:

"DEAR MR. GREY,—I have been thinking much of what passed between us the other day. Augustus seems to be in a great hurry as to paying the creditors, and I do not see why he should not be gratified as the money may now be forthcoming. I presume that the sales, which will be completed before Christmas, will nearly enable us to stop their mouths. I can understand that Mountjoy should be induced to join with me and Augustus, so that in disposing of so large a sum of money the authority of all may be given, both of myself and of the heir, and also of him who a short time since was supposed to be the heir. I think that you may possibly find Mountjoy's address by applying to Augustus, who is always clever in such matters.

"But you will have to be certain that you obtain all the bonds. If you can get Tyrwhit to help you you will be able to be sure of doing so. The matter to him is one of vital importance, as his sum is so much the largest. Of course he will open his mouth very wide; but when he finds that he can get his principal and nothing more, I think that he will help you.

"I am afraid that I must ask you to put yourself in correspondence with Augustus. That he is an insolent scoundrel I will admit; but we cannot very well complete this affair without him. I fancy that he now feels it to be his interest to get it all done before I die, as the men will be clamorous with their bonds as soon as the breath is out of my body.—Yours sincerely,

"JOHN SCARBOROUGH."

"That will do," he said, when the letter was finished. But when Mr. Merton turned to leave the room Mr. Scarborough retained him. "Upon the whole I am not dissatisfied with my life," he said.

"I don't know that you have occasion," rejoined Mr. Merton. In this he absolutely lied, for, according to his thinking, there was very much in the affairs of Mr. Scarborough's life which ought to have induced regret. He knew the whole story of the birth of the elder son, of the subsequent marriage, of Mr. Scarborough's fraudulent deceit which had lasted so many years, and of his latter return to the truth so as to save the property, and to give back to the younger son all of which for so many years he, his father, had attempted to rob him. All London had talked of the

affair, and all London had declared that so wicked and dishonest an old gentleman had never lived. And now he had returned to the truth simply with the view of cheating the creditors and keeping the estate in the family. He was manifestly an old gentleman who ought to be above all others dissatisfied with his own life; but Mr. Merton, when the assertion was made to him, knew not what other answer to make.

"I really do not think I have, nor do I know one to whom heaven with all its bliss will be more readily accorded. What have I done for myself?"

"I don't quite know what you have done all your life."

"I was born a rich man, and then I married—not rich as I am now, but with ample means for marrying."

"After Mr. Mountjoy's birth," said Merton, who could not pretend to be ignorant of the circumstance.

"Well, yes. I have my own ideas about marriage and that kind of thing, which are, perhaps, at variance with yours." Whereupon Merton bowed. "I had the best wife in the world, who entirely coincided with me in all that I did. I lived entirely abroad, and made most liberal allowances to all the agricultural tenants. I rebuilt all the cottages. Go and look at them. I let any man shoot his own game till Mountjoy came up in the world and took the shooting into his own hands. When the people at the pottery began to build I assisted them in every way in the world. I offered to keep a school at my own expense, solely on the understanding that what they call dissenters should be allowed to come there. The parson spread abroad a rumour that I was an atheist, and consequently the school was kept for the dissenters only. The school-board has come and made that all right, though the parson goes on with his rumour. If he understood me as well as I understand him, he would know that he is more of an atheist than I am. I gave my boys the best education, spending on them more than double what is done by men with twice my means. My tastes were all simple, and were not specially vicious. I do not know that I have even made any one unhappy. Then the estate became richer, but Mountjoy grew more and more expensive. I began to find that with all my economies the estate could not keep pace with him, so as to allow me to put by anything for Augustus. Then I had to bethink myself what I had to do to save the estate from those rascals."

"You took peculiar steps."

"I am a man who does take peculiar steps. Another would have turned his face to the wall in my state of health, and have allowed two dirty Jews such as Tyrrwhit and Samuel Hart to have revelled in the wealth of Tretton. I am not going to allow them to revel. Tyrrwhit knows me, and Hart will have to know me. They could not keep their hands to themselves till the breath was out of my body. Now I am about to see that each shall have his own shortly, and the estate will still be kept in the family."

"For Mr. Augustus Scarborough?"

"Yes, alas yes! But that is not my doing. I do not know that I have cause to be dissatisfied with myself, but I cannot but own that I am unhappy. But I wished you to understand that though a man may break the law, he need not therefore be accounted bad, and though he may have views of his own as to religious matters, he need not be an atheist. I have made efforts on behalf of others, in which I have allowed no outward circumstances to control me. Now I think I do feel sleepy."

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

It is not a little curious that a country through which a stream of Englishmen pours to and from India, in which a vast amount of English capital is—according as one is a bull or a bear—locked up or engulphed, should never have been for any length of time occupied by an English army. From the time when that bold and voracious knight, Sir John Maundeville, took service with the Soldan of Babylon, better known to-day as Cairo, to that when the little Condor achieved her brilliant exploit, the boom of English guns has only been heard twice in Egypt: at the Battle of the Nile, and the famous landing of Sir Ralph Abercromby, neither of which notable feats of arms left any mark upon the country. They were mere brilliant dashes, vigorous and deadly enough to do the work required of them, which was simply to disturb the French, and check the enterprise of Napoleon in the direction of India. Since then, whether the Porte or the Khedive has reigned, the condition of the country remained very much the same until the control was established; that is to say, the reign of the pachas prevailed, which signifies in plain language that the dominant caste oppressed the unfortunate

people at will. They ground their faces with taxation, as had always been done to the Egyptians since the days of Pharaoh and the bondage of the Jews. Not only did they tax them unmercifully, but they perpetually demanded the taxes in advance. This put the unfortunate husbandman in a cruel position, for not only was he worn to the bone by the exactions of the pacha, but his bones were cracked and the marrow extracted by the Greek usurers, who lent him money at high interest on his standing crops to appease the rapacity of his taskmasters. This is the system under which the revenue of the country became hopelessly inadequate to its requirements. There was always plenty wherewith to build palaces and buy female slaves for the rulers, but never a coin for the public service, while the mass of people was crushed into poverty. It is unnatural that the Egyptian peasant should be poor, for his land is so fertile, that despite forty centuries of tyrannous misrule, it has still within it the elements of wealth. All that man could do to cancel the good gifts of Nature has been done over and over again; but Egypt still survives, and has, perhaps, a future if English people will shut their ears to a silly cry about Egyptian nationalism, Egypt for the Egyptians, and the rest of it. It cannot be too often repeated that in such countries as Egypt there is no such thing as national or public feeling in the masses.

Fanaticism may be found here and there, but patriotism there is none. The peasant only hopes that he may be taxed less, and above all not be compelled to pay his taxes in advance. That is all he knows or cares about the matter, except that he hates military service under any ruler whatsoever. What is called nationalism in Egypt is a recently invented thing, easy to eviscerate and lay bare to the naked eye. It signifies in plain English that the pachas hate with a marvellous intensity of hatred all control. They resent with savage impatience any interference with their good old plan of extortion and extravagance, the working whereof they had reduced to a perfect triangular system. The pacha demanded his taxes in advance, thus driving the peasant into the hands of the Greek usurer, and had a perfect understanding with the latter as to his own share of the booty. Hence the actual producer had no chance between the upper and nether millstones of the pacha and the usurer, and was ground very fine. What is wanted by the

so-called nationalists is a return to this system in which the dominant Turk and crafty Greek spoil the Egyptian. It is not a new departure, but a demand on the part of the sometime governing class to return to their old evil ways, to rob, plunder, and squander without supervision or control the revenues of a country which should be surpassingly rich.

Very little was known of the real value of Egypt itself when Napoleon purposed to strike at India by way of the Red Sea. To him it was merely one of several lines of attack on India, in which it should be recollected that he would have had the public opinion of France entirely with him. In 1798 it was not yet forgotten that Dupleix had laid the foundations of a French empire in the East, which had only been gradually sapped by the successful career of the English East India Company. The melancholy death of Clive and the trial of Warren Hastings, who was still alive, were fresh in the minds of Englishmen, and the possibility of making India a French province was by no means so remote as it now appears. Whether Bonaparte really contemplated a canal at Suez, the reduction of the Mediterranean to a French lake, and the turning of the whole tide of Eastern commerce through France, so as to leave England outside of the continental scheme of traffic, or whether he looked at Egypt merely as a military road is difficult to decide. He certainly intended to strike a great blow at England, but it is quite probable that he had no clearly defined scheme in his mind. His expedition to Syria strongly favours the hypothesis that he was, as it were, feeling his way, and becoming at the same time aware that the task he had undertaken was greater than he had calculated upon. What is quite certain is that the expedition was a failure, except in so far as the scientific corps was concerned. Denon, and others of the learned, added greatly to our knowledge of ancient Egypt, but as an effort of war Bonaparte's Eastern raid was a terrible fiasco, costly in ships and men, but strangely enough productive of great honour and glory to its leader, who returned to France to seize the reins of government, as if he had been encircled with all the prestige of victory.

It appears at this distance of time, when vainglory has had time to evaporate, that the importance of the Battle of the Nile was nowise exaggerated by our grandfathers. It was in every sense a crowning victory, for it not only destroyed the

French fleet, but Bonaparte himself was cut off from France, and, had proper vigilance been exercised, would not easily have got back there. He slipped through, however, landed in France at that opportune moment for political adventurers, when the people are tired of everybody else. The Directory had blundered at home as much as he had abroad, and the Directory had not the prestige of previous victory. Never did a beaten general arrive more happily, and, it may be said, never did a commander abandon his army with less compunction. He had led his men into a hopeless position, and then and there abandoned them, his project of Eastern empire, and schemes for the regulation of the East by the sword of France. All vanished when he heard that the star of him—Bonaparte—would long since have paled but for his alert, clever, and intriguing wife. Josephine practically recalled him, little thinking, poor woman, that she was marring her own happiness by raising him she loved too high in the world.

Bonaparte left behind him in Egypt, to complete the conquest of the country by its organisation on a new basis, Jean Baptiste Kleber, one of his best generals, and a man of unimpeachable courage, conduct, and honour. Kleber had figured as a grenadier in the Army of the Rhine in 1792, and in seven years had fought his way to the front. He was already brigadier-general in the Vendean War, and as general of division covered himself with glory at Fleurus, and in the subsequent campaign under Jourdan. Then came the triumphant march to Frankfort, at which glorious moment the intrigues of his enemies caused his recall. Bonaparte, however, knew his man, and withdrew him from seclusion to accompany him on his expedition to Egypt and Syria. His reign in Egypt was cut short by the poniard of an assassin on the same day as that on which Desaix fell at Marengo. He was succeeded by General Menou, who was as completely of the old French army as Kleber of the new one, for he was a *maréchal de camp* in 1781. He took up, however, the cause of the Revolution, and while deputy for the nobles of Touraine to the States General, already showed that he perceived the signs of the times. In La Vendée he was unsuccessful as a general, being beaten thoroughly by Larochejacquelin. Accused by Robespierre, he was defended and saved by Barras, who on his

disobeying orders threw him over. Again a powerful defender appeared to help Menou, for Bonaparte took up the cudgels for him, and finally gave him a command in the Egyptian expedition. Wounded at Alexandria he nevertheless got into the town, and while his headquarters were at Rosetta, married the daughter of a rich proprietor of baths, and became a Mussulman under the name of Abdallah. After the assassination of Kleber on June 14th, 1800, Menou, being next in seniority, assumed the chief command. Although his personal courage was very great, and he had been wounded at Aboukir as well as at the first attack on Alexandria, he was unpopular with the army, and it was therefore under considerable disadvantages that he faced Sir Ralph Abercromby, a veteran of the first line, in whom his soldiers had perfect confidence.

Sir Ralph Abercromby was not only a distinguished soldier, but a man of great originality and powerful will. He was heartily glad when he escaped the bitter task of fighting the Americans in arms against the king's authority, and expressed himself on that subject in a manner not very grateful to "the king's friends," as they were called. In the unlucky campaign of the Netherlands he, among many who failed, succeeded in gathering laurels at the affair of Bergen-op-Zoom and in other engagements. In Egypt he met a man exactly his opposite in every quality but that of personal courage. Menou had a knack of always arriving everywhere after the appointed hour. Abercromby kept true military time. Menou was described by a contemporary as an "agreeable raconteur and a tremendous liar." Abercromby was the essence of truth and straightforwardness. Menou was always in debt, and at Turin killed a creditor who harassed him by a blow with a faggot. Abercromby carried the most delicate sense of honour into all his transactions. Menou, when he left one post for another, left a roomful of unanswered letters. Abercromby did his work with soldier-like promptitude.

On the 8th of March, 1801, Abercromby landed in Egypt with a force which was considered sufficient to expel the French. In the army of the Republic there were divided counsels, which might naturally have been expected from the character of the commander. There were troops at Cairo and troops at Alexandria, but when a descent was made by the English on the

latter place, the French were by no means well prepared for resistance. They bore themselves with extreme bravery, nevertheless, and the Battle of Alexandria was one of the fiercest encounters in the long war against Napoleon. Landing at Aboukir on the 8th, the English commander succeeded in bringing about an engagement on the 13th, which was followed by the general conflict known as the Battle of Alexandria or Canopus on the 21st, when the French were completely defeated. The loss of the battle cost the French Egypt, but England one of her best generals. Sir Ralph Abercromby was notorious for his recklessness in exposing himself to attack, and at the Battle of Alexandria was so far advanced as to become involved in a hand-to-hand combat with the French cavalry. He was unhorsed by a French trooper, who slashed him across the chest with his sabre, and would have killed him outright had he not been shot by a Highlander. The Frenchman's sword, which had been seized by Sir Ralph, was given by him to Sir Sydney Smith, and was sold with his effects many years afterwards. There is a spirited drawing of the Battle of Alexandria, at the moment of the attack on the British commander, in the library of the United Service Institution, done by an eye-witness of the combat.

Sir Ralph, who was sixty-three years old and had borne wear and tear in many climates, was much shaken and knocked about in his encounter with the French trooper, and was entreated to retire from the field, but this he absolutely refused to do, asking those in attendance to prop him up against a wall. He was in great pain from the heavy blow struck him by the Frenchman, but this wound proved insignificant as compared with one in the thigh which Sir Ralph attributed to a spent ball. When he was carried from the field at the close of the victorious day and the wound was examined, it was found impossible to extract the ball, and his strength gradually declined till the 28th, when he died on board Admiral Keith's ship. His victory crushed the French completely. Menou was driven into Alexandria with the loss of two thousand men and cooped up there, while General Belliard, at Cairo, was compelled to capitulate. Menou made as good a fight as he could, but on August 31st, 1801, was obliged to capitulate, and the remnant of Bonaparte's great Eastern expedition sailed for France in the early days of September.

Menou defended himself against the attacks of General Reynier to the satisfaction at least of the First Consul, was entrusted with the command in Piedmont, and finally died Governor of Venice.

Not being endowed with any foresight or any appreciation of the value of Egypt as a half-way house to India, the English Government abandoned Egypt two years later, only to return in 1807, under Fraser, take Alexandria, and again abandon their conquest.

When viewed by the light of subsequent events, it seems almost incredible that England, having conquered Egypt from such opponents as the French, should have tamely handed it over to the Porte, only to see it fall into the hands of the first of the Khedives, or hereditary viceroys. Since then, until the bombardment of Alexandria the other day, England has mainly been represented in Egypt by the pen. One financier after another has tried his hand at the Egyptian problem—Mr. Goschen, Sir Stephen Cave, and Sir Rivers Wilson have done their best; but in semi-barbarous countries something stronger than pen and ink seems to be required to keep within bounds the plundering and squandering instincts of the dominant class and to preserve for the husbandman, crushed by ages of tyranny, some portion of the fruit of his labour.

BINDWEED.

THE verdant garlands creep and twine
About the branches of the vine,
And hold in close embrace
The blushing beauty of the rose,
That year by year untended grows
In this deserted place.

Its blossom, like a shallow cup
Of purest parian, lifted up,
Is full of morning dew;
My comely lilies, nursed with care
To glad the garden borders, wear
No whiter, purer hue.

And yet, and yet, I know the vine
Whereon its graceful garlands twine,
Had come to better fruit,
If this lush growth of white and green,
The bindweed's close and clinging screen,
Had never taken root.

And yet, and yet, I know the rose
That through its greenness glints and glows,
Had come to fuller flowe
If this fair fragile parasite
Had never spread its green and white
To summer sun and shower.

I pull the slender leaves apart,
There lies a lesson, oh, my heart!
Beneath the bindweed spray;
It saps the vine, and dwarfs the flower;
So clinging human love hath power,
To sap and dwarf away.

To sap the soul of strength divine,
To blight its fruit, like cumbered vine,
Which scarce a cluster shows;
To dwarf with narrow selfish claims,
The growth of wide and generous aims,
As bindweed dwarfs the rose.

And yet, God wot, the love is clean,
And like the bindweed, fresh and green
It springeth in the heart;
'Tis only when we lack the grace
To train it fairly in its place,
To portion out its part;

'Tis only when we let it climb
O'er holier heights and more sublime
Than earthly love should go;
'Tis only when we let it creep
Across the gifts that we should keep
For God, it brings us woe.

For let the bindweed have its will,
Nor human toil, nor human skill,
Can keep the garden fair;
But train the bindweed in its place,
And larger blossom, fairer grace,
Will straight repay the care.

So if the garden of the heart
Be over-run in every part,
By love beyond control;
Life's worthy labour cannot speed,
And flower of thought, and fruit of deed,
Grow never in the soul.

But train that weak and clinging love,
By sturdy props, to wave above
Life's work, and give it grace;
No longer then a parasite,
Love clothes with garlands of delight
Its own appointed place!

IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.

V.

"ARE these the links of Forth," she said;
Or are they the crooks of Dee?"

The links of Forth, decidedly—a linked sweetness long drawn out, the river winding fold upon fold, appearing now here and now there, at long distances apart, as if not one river only, but a complete congress of rivers, had been commissioned to meet under the walls of old Stirling. And indeed, afar off, the lines of tributary streams may be traced in clumps of foliage and the thinly-wreathed smoke of village and hamlet—the Teith, with valley and lake, stretching away to the rugged flanks of Ben Lomond, and Allan Water, winding from far distance among tumbled hills and green valleys, with the Ochill Hills bounding the view on that side; and then, out of the glow of cloud and sunshine in the west, ridge peers over ridge, and peak over peak, a glorious gateway to the mystic land beyond.

And then what a bead-roll of Bens—Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben Aan, Ben Ledi, and Ben Voirlich, with dumpy Nam Var, the little lass among all these strapping lads. There they all stand, with their tops in the clouds, while soft gleams of light disclose

rifts, and precipices, and deep ravines. Then a whistle sounds from afar, and a tiny wreath of vapour curls swiftly along. It is the train from Oban, Loch Awe—no longer a far cry—and Callander, recalling the flight of time, and the necessity of getting through in time for the train in the reverse direction.

"And yonder hill," says the guide, pointing to a rugged heathery knoll just commanded by the ramparts, "is called the Heading Hill, for 'twas there the nobility had their heads cut off in the good old times, when Scotland had her own laws and her own princes. Here, in 1424, were executed the Duke of Albany and his two sons. He had been regent, ye'll mind." Another regent, you see—surely the least enviable post in all Scotland next to the kingship itself. Below the Heading Hill is a road still called Ballangeich, from which James the Fifth assumed his purser's name of "the Goodman of Ballangeich."

And now you shall see the other side of the castle, where the view, though less extensive, has a strong interest of its own. And first to a round hole in the rampart, where, as in a frame, the whole charming prospect is enclosed. "And this hole in the rampart," explains the guide with solid assurance of the truth of his assertion, "was made for poor Queen Mary, when she was a prisoner here. They wouldna let her show her head over the ramparts, but they scoopit out a hole for her, and she was fain to peep through it at her own pleasant land." Beneath is the King's Garden—no garden now, but a sort of common, where sheep are feeding and the lads of the town are at play, but with terraces and flower-beds sharply marked out, and true-lovers'-knots in the fresher green of the turf. Beyond there is no very extensive prospect, the Campsie Hills closing in all round. The battle-field—the field of Bannockburn—lies below, two bare and open fields, with a pole sticking up that marks the site of the Bore Stone, where Bruce set up his standard. And from this point must the little band of English, so long beleaguered in Stirling Castle, have watched with joy and pride the advance of the gallant host of their countrymen who had marched so far for their deliverance, while ere the sun set all this grand array should be dissolved into a broken flying rout of men and horses. "A graun' day for Scotland, surely," says the old soldier.

There is another battle-field just below,

by Sauchie Burn, another tiny feeder of the Forth, hardly more than a mile from Bannockburn, the fame of which has been lost in the great victory of the Bruce—a battle practically between the men of the north, under the king, James the Third, who had the Highland clans for him, with the men of Fife and Angus, and the southern Scots, the men of Liddersdale, of Annandale, and of the East Lothians; and these, too, displayed the broad banner of Scotland, for they had the royal prince, the son of James, himself to be presently king, and end his days at Flodden—a parricidal combat, to end in the murder of the king as he lay hidden in a miller's house close by.

But leaving these old-world matters, the guide draws attention to a little colony of humble cottages, whitewashed, and with red-tiled roofs, and each a little plot of garden ground about it. It is an Irish settlement, of families who migrated to Stirling some seventy years ago, according to their own account, and finding rents in the town far above their means, squatted on this patch of land at the foot of the castle hill, built their huts, and brought their bits of ground into cultivation. No Scotch are allowed in this little community, that have still preserved among themselves the old Irish speech, which the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders can partly understand, but which is worse than Hebrew to the folk about Stirling.

And so with a hasty glance at mountain, loch, and firth, at battle-field and broken castle, at the blue roofs and grey walls of Stirling town, with the white smoke rising against the stormy sky, I make a quick descent from the castle steep. On the way is a fine old house, with round pinnacled towers and carved and graven windows, where a fatigue party of Highland soldiers are busy shovelling in a mighty load of coal. "It's just the hawspital," says a serjeant, who is looking on, but in other days it was known as Argyle's Lodging. And here it was that the Marquis of Argyle entertained our Charles the Second just after the young prince had taken the solemn league and covenant, and was putting on the best face he could, under the long prayers and longer sermons of the Presbyterians. It is an excellent notion on the part of the authorities to turn this interesting, unique old dwelling into an hospital, not perhaps for the invalids, who might do better in more modern and airier buildings, but as a

check upon the indiscreet curiosity of tourists, who would otherwise be peeping here and there, and always bothering for admittance. Whereas now the dread of infection keeps everybody away.

At the foot of the hill, to come once more to everyday life, runs a tramway towards the Bridge of Allan. And the course of this I follow, having half an hour to spare before the train starts, till it brings me to the river and the new bridge. The auld bridge is just above, with its fine antique outline, its high-pitched crown, and bold and open arches, while their flanks and abutments look so light and slender that you would say the first winter's torrent must carry the bridge away bodily. And yet it has stood for centuries, and may even yet see out its modern rivals. It is this old bridge that was significantly called the gate of the Highlands, for all beyond the river was so much debateable land, where the word of a chieftain with his stout clansmen behind him was worth more than the king's writ. And at one time this bridge was strongly defended with stout gates and barricades across the

Narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they
meet.

The river comes swirling through with many an oily circle on its dark waters, and just below some fishermen in a boat have just shot their salmon-nets. It would be exciting now to see a silvery monster entangled in the trammels; but such luck never comes to the casual spectator. Did one ever stop to watch an angler and see him land a fish; or a cormorant, or a heron, and see him swallow his prey? "An hour ago," says an old fellow, who is watching the fishermen too, "an hour ago they landed a big fish, the first of the season." And then the tramcar comes up, and presently lands me at the railway-station.

There is something like a bustle of coming and going at Stirling station; and once seated in the train you feel that you are fairly in the tourist stream. Hitherto we may have been making little circles of our own, but now from our individual eddies we have fairly shot out into the main current. Local talk of shops and prices current, of kirk sessions and meenisters' discourses, is replaced by tourist talk, of connections by train and coach, of hotels and hydropathies, and most of us have cunning little books full of coupons that marshal us the way that we should go. Here are two fresh-looking girls,

English of the English, you would say, till some talk of the Wagga Wagga river discloses that they hail from the Antipodes. But hardly am I settled in the only vacant seat when I discover on the opposite side the two young ladies from Kent. The recognition is mutual, we are delighted to meet again in a strange land; but where are their friends? I don't venture to ask; there may be a heart-breaking story of desertion. They are going to stop at Callander to-night. Yes, and through the Trossachs in the morning, and along Loch Katrine. Our routes are identical, of course. "How nice! and I shall have the pleasure of looking after your welfare." The younger sister blushes, and the elder looks archly confused, as she replies: "Oh, thank you very much, but I believe, indeed I am almost certain, that our friends are in the train."

And sure enough, as we stop at the Bridge of Allan, there is a rush to our carriage, and two friendly faces make their appearance. "Are you quite comfortable? Can we get anything for you?" And then as the train is on the point of starting, I am recognised by the two friends. "Bless you," fervently, to the sisters. "Take care of them," approvingly to me, and the young men rush back to their carriages. But there was a satisfactory warmth of tone about these youths that would have delighted Mrs. Gillies. If they are in separate carriages, it is more perhaps on the score of economy, for the lads are travelling third-class, than of mistrust of the designs of the fair sex.

Then comes Dunblane, with its cathedral about the size of a substantial parish church. Sherra'muir is close by, where "the great Argyle led on his files" against the Earl of Mar in arms for the Pretender, when first the red-coats ran away.

And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight.

While as for the Highlanders, "they fled like frightened doos, man."

At Doune there is a fine castle, which was built, they say, by that particular regent, or ex-regent, who had his head chopped off on the Heading Hill at Stirling, and there is a fine old bridge, too, built by the same courteous tailor who founded the Guildhall in that town. And now, with the mountains growing upon us and encompassing us on all sides, we thread our way among them till the train stops at Callander.

Now, for something in the way of a small

turmoil, commend me to one of these Highland stations when the train comes in. What with the people who are alighting, and the friends who have come to meet them, and the friends' friends to witness the meeting, and to be introduced and shake hands all round in the very middle of the platform; and what with the porters with their boxes—and each female traveller has at least three big boxes, while the women are as three to one to the men—and what with the hotel touts and the brown gillies who are speering after "twa dogs fra Dunoon;" and brawny men in Highland bonnets with their salmon-rods; and photographers with their three-legged cameras; and artists with whole bundles of miscellaneous belongings; with all these and much more in the way of components of hurry and bustle, it is not a storm, but a perfect tornado in a teapot this Highland station when the evening train comes in. But in all this bustle there is nobody bustling for me. I see with a pang the two young women from Kent packed into an omnibus and sent off to an hotel. I see their two prudent friends march off with their bags in search of a lodging. But for one not destined such delights to share, for me there is no blink of the eye from Jennie, nor is the stalwart form of Uncle Jock to be seen among the press.

But as I am looking about me, my faith in human friendship growing feebler and feebler every moment, I am accosted by a tall freckled young fellow with a girl by his side.

"I think you'll be the friend of Jock Gillies we're seeking. I'm just his nephew, Archie Grant."

And the girl with him is Mary, of course, his sister, about whom one's first impression is—well, she's rather sandy, as if, what with sun and wind and shower, she had had the colour taken out of her. But then there is such a pleasant glint in her soft brown eyes, and her figure is so lissom and her step so free, that you cannot help thinking her charming.

"I am sure Jennie would have come with us," says Mary in explanation, "but I think she's making herself grand for dinner. And Archie and I have dined, and we've got nothing to do but to wander about."

And I almost wished I could wander with them. But castle and palace hunting is hungry work, and just then the gong sounded, and I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards the dining-room.

They grow enormous geraniums in these parts, which are ranged upon the table, dividing it into sections impervious to the eye; but I espy Jennie and her mother, who are already seated. They are indeed somewhat grandly got up, but Jennie graciously indicates a seat that has been turned down at her side.

"Are you not very much obliged to me for sending Mary to meet you?" asks Jennie.

"It was a charmingly unselfish act, as you did not want to come yourself."

Jennie shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Mamma insisted on my doing my hair for dinner; and do you know why?"

No, I had not the least notion; but the result was remarkably good, all the same.

"Well," continued Jennie, not noticing my admiring glance, "you see that quiet young fellow with his nose in his plate opposite, and the thin freckled girl who is entirely engrossed in her soup? Well, he is the seventh cousin to a Scotch duke, and she is a girl he has just married, with a lot of money."

"And your mother bids you bind your hair in their honour, and you just go and do it? Well, you haven't half the resolution of the other young woman."

"Oh, as for that," said Jennie, tossing her head saucily, "Lubin is here."

"You mean Lubin the second?"

"I don't know whom you mean," said Jennie severely. "I mean Ronald. He has been sketching all day; but the place does not suit him, he says. You will find him down the river, not far from the bridge, where he has set up his easel, and he's getting some evening effects; and," in a lower tone, "I think he wants to speak to you about something."

"Oh, I'll be there, with a joyful heart," I replied defiantly, "if only you'll promise, Jennie, to marry the survivor."

"You've been drinking whisky," said Jennie in a low reproachful tone. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

As soon as dessert appeared the seventh cousin of the duke and his bride darted away to privacy, and Mrs. Gillies thought herself bound to follow such an illustrious example, and whisked Jenny away with her.

"Come with me, Jennie," I whispered, "and prevent bloodshed." Jennie nodded sagaciously, and presently joined me as I stood on the hotel steps smoking an after-dinner pipe. The evening was chilly, and Jennie drew her cloak about her, and

shivered a little. There seemed to be rain in the air and the clouds were low and watery, hanging about the flanks of the hill and seeming to close about us on all sides.

Ronald is soon discovered; he has packed up his materials and is gloomily smoking a pipe by the river bank. He can do nothing here, he says, in answer to Jennie's questioning; everything is tame and colourless. But he is away first thing in the morning, and he means to make his way to Skye. A gloomy corrie and stern mountain tarn will suit his humour, and he thinks he will be able to make a picture of it. And a man he knows has a little yacht at Oban, and has offered to drop him on the coast wherever he pleases. "Then you will be quite out of our latitudes," says Jennie sadly. "Haven't you been urging me all the time to get to work?" replies Ronald with some bitterness.

Just then I spy in the distance the two friends, the masculine friends, who are returning towards the village, looking rather fagged and disconsolate, and I am glad to join them for a while that Jennie may have a chance of talking to her young man. "Here is a curious affair," cries the first of the friends; "we have been all over the place looking for a room to sleep in, and there isn't one anywhere." I was not certain, but I thought there was room at our hotel. "Yes," replied the other, "but you see that would be awkward, for our friends are there, and it might compromise us." They are strange fellows, these two friends, the elder bluff and sociable, constantly deserting his female friends for newer faces, and yet returning like the needle deflected from the pole. He wears a cap of semi-naval appearance, with gilt buttons, and has something of a sea-going aspect, and yet not a sailor. Perhaps he is a ship's-husband, and thinks any other connection would savour of bigamy; anyhow, I shall set him down for that till I know something more about him. His friend is more reserved and refined, and a good deal more retiring, and always kind and attentive to his female friends, who for all that seem to value the brusque ship's-husband far more than him. But he too is an enigma. I can't think of any line of life that would exactly suit him in his comfortable serge suit and foreign-looking black silk cap. He, too, is rather nautical in his ways, and in utter despair I must christen him the purser, although I admit there is nothing purser-like in his ways, unless it be in his attention to the ladies.

"Hotels are dear," continued the ship's-husband; "not that I would mind that once in a way—besides, I would make a bargain with them beforehand; but I consider it compromising."

"I don't see that," urged the other in his rather piping voice. "I put it to this gentleman. If there are no other beds in the place, are we compromising ourselves?"

"No, not anywhere else, I admit," cried the ship's-husband cannily; "but in Scotland, don't you see. Now, suppose they put down all our things on one bill, wouldn't that be a document? Suppose it ever came into court now, I ask, wouldn't that be a document?"

"For my own part," I interposed magisterially, "I don't see what you have to be afraid of. I am sure that either of the ladies in question is calculated to adorn a man's fireside and make his home happy."

"So they are, so they are," cried the younger one fervently, and squeezing my hand warmly. "The gentleman's quite right, Joe. So they are."

"A very happy and truthful sentiment," quoth the other, "but he hasn't got quite the grip of the matter yet. These ladies have got their nice little home and their nice little incomes. You and I, Tom, have got our nice little homes, and our incomes that would be nicer if they weren't so little, but still that can put by our ten-pound note for our little summer tour. All very well, so far, but then if the ladies marry away go their little incomes."

"Yes, that's where 'tis," said the other gloomily. "You're right, Joe; 'tisn't to be thought of."

And so I must warn Mrs. Gillies that if she has any design to entangle these two comfortable couples, she must put it aside. It seems hard too that these poor girls must wear out their lives in celibate solitude. But then things in general are hard. They are hard upon poor Jennie just now as she shakes hands with Ronald, with one little sob in her throat as she turns away.

"Why should we make ourselves miserable, Jennie, when life is slipping away so quickly and all our chances of happiness? Marry me, Jennie, and put that poor young fellow out of his misery, and then when he is a rising man you will be a douce young widow, and everything will come right."

But Jennie only laughed and walked quickly on.

But what are the troubles of over-night

when the sun shines in bright and glorious—too bright to last, I am afraid, and certainly putting to flight all thoughts of any more folding of the hands in sleep? But they are wonderfully early birds in these Highlands. People are stumping about the street, and there is a quiet kind of movement in the house. It strikes me that a stroll by the river bank will be a good preparation for an early breakfast; and so I open my door, and am unwittingly the witness of quite an affecting little scene. The two semi-nautical friends had clearly found a room here for the night, for here was the younger one fondly contemplating two pairs of shoes on the mat. "Here, Joe," he cries at last, "come and look here." And Joe, also in his shirt-sleeves, comes and looks over the other's shoulder.

Now the Boots had evidently made a very natural mistake. There on the mat reposed a masculine pair of boots, and with them a dainty little pair of feminine shoes. "Yes, they're hers," whispered Tom, the purser. "Don't it give one quite a thrill to think what might have been!" "Why, then, mine are opposite their door," cried the more practical ship's-husband. "Go in your stocking feet and get them back, Tom." And Tom executed his mission quite reverentially. I am not sure even whether he did not kiss the little bottines before he laid them down beside the sister pair. "It's lucky there's no witnesses," whispered Joe, and then my door creaked, and the pair retreated hastily.

At breakfast we are alternately elated and depressed as the sunshine streams through the windows, or a sharp shower rattles over the wooden roof. But Mary Grant is in high spirits all through. Anything is better, she declares, than the smoky chimneys and splashy streets of Glasgow, where she has been keeping house for her brother for the past three months. We have no time to linger, for breakfast is fixed at half-past eight, and we ought to be at the station by nine to get good places on the coach for the Trossachs. We must all start fair from the station, whether we have come by train or not, so we have been told by the jovial coach-proprietor, who seems almost too big to get into his little box of an office. And there the coach is drawn up in front of the little station, with its background of larch-covered hill. It is not a coach such as we know by that title, but rather a van with cross-seats, like the band-van

of a circus company; but the cattle are good, and look like going. The front seats are most in demand, of course, and by the time the train is due, for which we are waiting, all these are filled up, leaving only the back seats for the new comers. And presently the train rolls in with its through carriage from St. Pancras, and people turn out sleepily who have left London over-night, but seem to inhale renewed vigour with the sweet mountain air. And then, without unnecessary delay, our scarlet-coated coachman pulls his horses together, and starts us on the road to the Trossachs.

THE FATE OF ROMILLY.

THERE are certain characters in the round of political life which, without any particular brilliancy or showy gifts, seem to have been regarded by their contemporaries with special respect and affection. To this class certainly belonged Romilly. His political life was distinguished by little save a sober, intelligent, professional progress, and by his interesting love of home and his wife, to which he subordinated all his hopes of advancement. Even more admirable was the sacrifice of his prospects of promotion by his speaking against his party on a critical occasion, when his principles required him so to do. On one of these he wrote down that "he had now lost all chance of being made Chancellor." Such instances are as refreshing as they are rare. Such a man's service is generally eagerly sought, either by constituencies, as his respectability throws credit on their sagacity of choice, or else by exalted personages, such as the Prince of Wales, who was very eager to attach him to his rather tottering cause.

"In May, 1817, Romilly received a singular present. Dr. Parr had, it seems, the mania of collecting silver plate, of which he had in his will bequeathed a dinner-service to Romilly. He now, however, chose rather to give than bequeath it, and he accordingly presented it to his friend with a complimentary hint that it would not be 'unfit for the table of a Lord Chancellor when he should entertain the judges or the Cabinet.'" Romilly accepted it, though with some reluctance and demur on account of the splendour and value of the gift; but in a codicil to his will, made shortly before his death, he bequeathed it back to Parr, who again re-transferred it to

the eldest son of his friend in a generous and affectionate letter.

But it was his attachment to his wife, constant and ever-increasing as they grew old together, that is the greatest evidence of the charm of disposition of this amiable man, and it is melancholy to think that this devotion should have actually been the cause of his disastrous end. He was always welcomed at Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's place, which he visited nearly every year, and in 1796 he had, by an accident, all but interrupted the agreeable series. Of this special occasion, he writes some twenty years later :

"To what accidental causes are the most important occurrences of our lives sometimes to be traced ! Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a landmark to a wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796 I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks, with her father and her sisters, was about to leave it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived, and if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose, I never should have seen her. But it happened that on the preceding day she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object. She over-heated herself by her ride ; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his journey for several days, and in the meantime I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man. A most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection such as is rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which at the end of a little more than a year was consecrated by marriage. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society, all the many and exquisite enjoyments which my dear children have afforded me, even my extraordinary success in my profession, the labours of which, if my life had not been

so cheered and exhilarated, I never could have undergone—all are to be traced to this trivial cause."

"Of the worth of Lady Romilly's mind," says Mr. Croker, "her nearer friends only could be adequate judges ; but those who remember her in society will admit that her husband, who never ceased to be a passionate lover, has but little exaggerated her personal charms. She was lively, elegant, and pretty."

With this lady Romilly spent some twenty-two happy years, and it was destined that they were not to be separated in death longer than a few days when the disastrous issue which filled England with grief closed his life.

"Lady Romilly died," says his editor, "on the 29th of October, 1818. Her husband survived but for three days the wife whom he had loved with a devotion to which her virtues, and her happy influence on the usefulness of his life, gave her so just a claim. His anxiety during her illness preyed upon his mind and affected his health ; and the shock occasioned by her death led to that event which brought his life to a close, on the 2nd of November, 1818, in the sixty-second year of his age."

This would be read as nothing very exceptional by the average reader, but the catastrophe is best described in the narrative of his old friend Dumont, a most natural and affecting one, and told at his inquest :

"Mr. Stephen Dumont, of Geneva, then stated that he was one of the Representatives of the Council at Geneva, but had been in England previous to the restoration. 'I have,' he said, 'been connected with Sir Samuel Romilly a great many years ; my intention was to have spent the summer with my best friend, Sir Samuel, and his lady ; but the state of Lady Romilly's health was such that she was removed to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight.' Here the witness, in great anguish, said it would be better that he should read the letters he had then received from Sir Samuel. A letter was then read from Sir Samuel, dated from Cowes, 27th September, inviting Dr. Dumont to visit him there ; saying that he could not promise him any pleasure, as he considered Lady Romilly in a very perilous state, as the physicians did not say she was out of danger ; and concluded thus : 'She is considered by her medical attendants in some danger. She is for the present a little better, and I take care neither to let her nor the poor children see the anxiety I feel, but it costs me a

great deal; with all this, do not suppose I have not resolution to undergo everything to preserve my health for my children's sake."

He then went on: "I arrived in the Isle of Wight on the 3rd of October, and Lady Romilly was well enough to spend a few hours in company; but Sir Samuel seemed to have no confidence, and notwithstanding that recovery he was in the same state of anxiety. Lady Romilly had a relapse, and was for some days in a great state of suffering. During that time nothing could equal the excruciating pains of Sir Samuel but his fortitude and resignation. He was almost entirely deprived of sleep, and I saw he began to entertain the greatest apprehension from that circumstance. Twice or three times he has expressed to me his fears of mental derangement. Once he sent for me in the middle of the night, at least at two o'clock in the morning, and spoke to me of a dream he had had full of horrors, and said that an impression had remained upon his mind as if the dream had been a reality. He asked me if I did not consider that as a proof that his mind was broken, and his faculties impaired. Conversations about his children generally restored a certain degree of peace to his mind, and sometimes he proposed plans for their education and future establishment. On Thursday, the 29th of October, about ten o'clock, while at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, he was informed by his nephew, Dr. Roget, for whom he always showed the same attachment as for one of his sons, that his lady was no more. I have omitted to say that the two sisters of Lady Romilly came on the Tuesday previous, and he said he could shed no tears when he saw them. He told me his brains were burning hot. He left Cowes with great reluctance the next day (Friday), but he declared he would be governed entirely by Dr. Roget and his friends. I accompanied him, and on Friday we slept at Winchester. He felt extremely exhausted. Dr. Roget slept in the same room, and Sir Samuel's night was extremely restless. The next morning I observed marks of great agitation, which he tried to subdue; he was constantly tearing his gloves, or the palm of his hand, scratching his fingers and his nose, and some blood came from his nose. When we arrived at an inn on the road he was so weak that we could proceed no further. We slept there, and Dr. Roget still slept in the same room with him. I had proposed to him not to come

to Russell Square, but to take some other house for the present. He answered, that he was likely to be laid up for some time, and he was desirous of getting home, and he proceeded; but I observed more violent signs of agitation still, more tearing of his hands and of his nose. In a moment that he was shutting his eyes and wringing his hands, I took the hand of his daughter and placed it in his hand; upon which, opening his eyes, and having perceived what I had done, he cast upon me an unutterable look of gratitude, and embraced his daughter. When we arrived in Russell Square he made great efforts to compose himself, and went to his library, and threw himself upon a sofa, quite in a manner that was alarming to me; then for some moments he was joining his hands, as in a state of delirium, but he spoke nothing. A moment after he got up, took my arm, went round the two rooms, and appeared to me to be in the state of a man dying of an internal wound. About seven in the morning of Monday Dr. Roget came to me in a state of extreme anxiety, telling me that his uncle was much worse, with a violent fever, uttering some expressions in a state of perturbation, and complaining that he was distracted. Dr. Roget immediately called Dr. Marcet, who came instantly, and they sent for Dr. Babington to join in a consultation. I asked Dr. Marcet and Dr. Roget if I could go and see my friend, and they desired me not to do it, saying the greatest quiet was necessary for him, and that he was only to have one person to attend him in the room. I went then to Holland House, at Kensington, to see his three youngest children, whom Lord Holland had taken from school to his house, and to make some arrangements with respect to them. When I returned to Russell Square, about half-past three, I found one of the servants in tears, and Dr. Roget in a state approaching to despair. My first feeling was stupor and astonishment, for I had never, during the whole month that I had passed with Sir Samuel, and dining most constantly with him and his son—and during the time the ladies were employed in business (during which time we had intimate conversations)—I never had any apprehension of the act by which he had lost his life. The intimate knowledge that I had of his high principles of duty, of his moral and religious fortitude, of his love for his country, and of his—(much affected)—of his parental affection, totally excluded from my mind

every suspicion or idea of the catastrophe that has happened."

His mind, overwrought by grief, had given way under the strain, and this most amiable and affectionate of men had destroyed himself.

UNMASKED.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

"MOTHER!"

Mrs. Jackson looked round, startled at the tone in which this word was uttered.

Rosalind had gone down to Cookham to shop, intending to lunch at the Hansards', but here she was back again, standing at the door with a white face and terror-struck eyes, out of breath and almost speechless. Mrs. Jackson rose swiftly and closed the door.

"What is it?" she asked, turning pale herself.

"Paul Stone!" gasped Rosalind; "in Cookham and going to the Hansards'!"

A cry of dismay escaped the widow.

"Did he see you?"

"No; but he will—he must! I am ruined!"

"Quiet, Rosalind; don't speak so loud. There is no harm done yet; you must simply have a bad headache, and be unable to go to the Hansards to-day."

Rosalind shook her head.

"No, no," she said; "he will see my photograph and recognise me; then my avoiding him would tell fatally against me."

"But you can't meet him!"

Rosalind had thrown off her hat and gloves, and was nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"I told you at the time it was foolish to have that photograph taken," continued Mrs. Jackson; "it was clearly creating another means of identifying us."

"How could I possibly refuse when Robert insisted on it? Oh, if we had never come here!"

"Don't be foolish, Rosalind; we were as safe here as anywhere, and if the worst comes to the worst we can take our departure and start afresh somewhere else."

"You forget Robert."

"Oh, Robert! He wouldn't trouble us. But you are not yourself, Rosalind. I never saw you so upset. Do you mean to tell me that you can't outwit Paul Stone?"

The girl grew calmer.

"There is one thing I could do," she said slowly.

"What is that?"

"Go to the Lodge as if nothing had happened, face him boldly and deny ever having seen him before. What proof could he bring forward that I am Norah Field?"

"Do you think you could make him believe that there are two such faces in the world?"

"It doesn't matter what he believes, if I can convince the Hansards. Besides, I have changed a good deal; remember I had been ill, and was still pale and thin when he saw me. What is the time? Twelve? In half an hour I must start."

The girl sat down and leant her head upon her hands, planning what she should wear, say, and do. Mrs. Jackson, who had taught her daughter to act, and knew that her pupil's powers far eclipsed her own, did not disturb her.

In a quarter of an hour Rosalind went upstairs and changed her dress. Mrs. Jackson accompanied her and stood by, making various suggestions.

"What do you say to a little paint?" she asked.

"No; nothing to alter me to the Hansards," replied Rosalind. "I can bring the colour to my face if I want it. There, that must do. Courage now, and Paul Stone shall for the second time in his life fail in cross-examining me."

"Rosalind, be careful. I am horribly nervous."

"I am not, luckily. My spirit's up, and I feel equal to the occasion. I am more than Paul Stone's match."

The girl absolutely laughed.

"By the way," she enquired suddenly, "have any contributions come in for the destitute mother and blind daughter?"

"Not many, about five pounds in all."

"How miserable! I must go upon a different tack in the next appeal to the public, or better still, I'll journey up to town and collect money by a house-to-house visitation. That's the most remunerative employment I know."

"Rosalind, for goodness sake be quiet! You are much too excited to meet that man. Take my advice and stay at home."

But Rosalind ran downstairs with a laugh, and set out towards Cookham. All her future depended upon her succeeding now, and succeed she would.

At the wicket-gate leading through the garden of Cookham Lodge up to the house, stood Robert eagerly awaiting her.

"Rosalind dearest, how late you are! I would have come to fetch you, only they

said you were shopping and I should probably miss you."

"You might have come into the town for me," said Rosalind reproachfully.

"It was just in the town that I was afraid of missing you."

"Missing me, Robert! Am I so like everybody else?"

Upon which ensued a lover's passage at arms, and then Robert, as they walked slowly up the path together, told her that an old friend of his had arrived unexpectedly and would stay over Sunday.

"I don't know whether I ever mentioned Paul Stone to you," he said; "he was a chum of mine at college, and has gone in since for distinguishing himself at the bar. Awfully clever, you know, and hardworking and devoted to his profession. And last, but not least, he regards women as the bane of men's existence."

"Oh, Robert, whatever must he think of you?" laughed Rosalind. "Doesn't he pity you sincerely for having fallen a victim so early?" Who could have believed, to see her smiling face, that she, better than anyone in the world, could have given a reason for Paul Stone's contempt of women.

"There he is!" exclaimed Robert. "Come and be introduced."

"Robert, how can you?" whispered Rosalind, pretending to hang back. "He won't want to speak to me. I'm a woman, remember."

"He never saw a woman like you before. Come along, dearest."

As Robert, proud of his future wife's appearance, drew her forwards and formally introduced her to the tall man who was stepping towards them from the house, Rosalind raised her eyes, and with the prettiest smile in the world bowed her gracious head.

Stone started as if he had been shot.

"Norah Field!"

Rosalind slightly raised her eyebrows.

"Norah Field!" she repeated with an amused smile. "No, my name is quite different."

Stone's eyes were ablaze as he directed straight at her face a gaze before which the boldest impostor might have quailed. Rosalind sustained it unflinchingly for a moment or two, then without the faintest sign of agitation shrugged her shoulders, and looked interrogatively at Robert.

"It seems I am very like somebody else, after all," she said.

"What's up, Stone?" enquired young

Hansard, laughing; "you look fearfully upset. Why should a chance likeness affect you so strongly?"

The barrister's eyes were still riveted on Rosalind's face, and now, in a voice of intense indignation, he demanded:

"Girl, how dare you?"

It was only natural that Robert should resent this, especially as Rosalind, colouring deeply, had drawn close to him with a frightened cry for protection.

"Stone, be good enough to remember that Miss Jackson is engaged to me and that I pardon no insult offered her."

Robert spoke hotly, and Stone was recalled to himself.

"Forgive me," he said slowly, passing his hand across his forehead; "I was taken utterly aback. I could not have believed it possible that two such faces existed."

Almost the words her mother had used! Rosalind felt that the battle was not won yet.

"Have I a double, Mr. Stone?" she asked with well-feigned nervousness.

"Let us drop the subject," said Stone. "I have to apologise to you, Miss Jackson, but your extraordinary likeness to a girl I once knew, brought vividly before me a most painful episode in the life of my dearest friend. I have never forgiven and never shall forgive that girl. Let us say no more about her."

A significant look at Rosalind told her plainly that he utterly disbelieved her denial of identity. She drew herself up and returned coldly:

"As you please, Mr. Stone; the subject is certainly far from agreeable to me."

Her self-possession was so complete as to stagger Paul Stone. Indeed, had he not had previous experience of Norah Field's histrionic ability, he must have been convinced that he had made a mistake.

Even as it was he chose to appear satisfied, and the party went in to lunch laughing over the incivility with which he had greeted Rosalind. So far as the Hansards were concerned her triumph was complete. Neither Nettie nor Mrs. Hansard could believe that she had ever seen Stone before. Her perfectly easy and natural manner at an unexpected meeting with him seemed to establish beyond doubt the fact that he was a stranger to her.

"If there had been a sudden unpleasant recognition," argued Nettie, "she must have shown it in some way or other, but her self-possession was never shaken for an instant; her colour never even changed till he hurled that 'How dare you?' at her,

and then she flushed up naturally enough. I know I shouldn't like to have Mr. Stone look at me and speak to me like that."

"I don't suppose anybody would," said Mrs. Hansard. "Rosalind really took it very well. And yet," she added with a sigh, "it's uncomfortable, because we know so little of Rosalind's past. Robert takes everything on trust. I can't help wishing he would enquire a little further into her antecedents. Then such a mistake as Mr. Stone's would be merely laughable—as it is I wish it hadn't happened."

"Don't let it worry you, mother dear," said Nettie philosophically; "after all, these marvellous likenesses are known to exist sometimes, and Mr. Stone, remember, is not such a keen observer of women as to make it unlikely that he could be mistaken."

And here for the present the matter ended. During the rest of his visit Paul Stone treated Rosalind courteously, and gave his friends to understand that he admitted his error. On the Sunday evening Robert pressed for an explanation of his outbreak of anger at the sight of the supposed Norah Field, but Stone declined to give it, merely stating that a girl of that name had greatly injured a friend of his some three years ago.

"Your sister has altered a good deal," he said, abruptly changing the subject. "I remember her as a child of twelve, a sedate thoughtful little thing, hardly to be cajoled into joining in any active amusement. She is younger now."

"Younger than she was six years ago?" said Robert, laughing. "Well, perhaps you are right, she is certainly less demure and dignified. But in some ways she is absurdly old—in her choice of literature, for instance, her views of mankind generally, and her philosophical habit of mind. To my mind she still wants stirring up, she is like stagnant water by the side of Rosalind."

The comparison irritated Paul beyond measure, but he let it pass in silence. Nettie like stagnant water! Quiet on the surface, perhaps, but did it need a stranger to see how the clear deep pool of her mind was kept fresh by a running stream of thought beneath? He would not soon forget their long walk that afternoon, when she had fallen to his share as a companion and had interested him as no woman had ever done before.

Nettie, on her side, was a little annoyed and a good deal surprised at the freedom with which she had opened out to Paul

Stone, at the rapidity with which her usual uncommunicativeness and reserve had broken down before his kindly manner. Another time she would not suffer herself to be drawn out so easily. And yet she had never enjoyed talking to anyone so much before. When he left by an early train on Monday she felt disappointed that nothing was said to him about coming again.

Rosalind was far from easy in mind.

"Mother, we have not heard the last of Paul Stone," she said, the first time she saw Mrs. Jackson alone after taking leave of the barrister; "he means mischief."

"What can he do beyond asserting that you are Norah Field?"

"He can prove his assertion by tracing us."

"Impossible!"

"Hate like his is not to be baffled by apparent impossibility," said Rosalind; "we gave him the slip successfully once, it is true, but I felt sure at the time that it was only because Cecil Hibbert insisted on his leaving us in peace."

"But having entirely lost sight of us, knowing nothing of what became of us then, how could he ferret us out now? We have been to every part of France and Germany, changed our name twice and our way of living fifty times; it seems to me an absolute impossibility that he should ever identify us with the Fields he knew."

"You forget that there are one or two people in London who know of our being here, and several besides himself who would swear to our identity. Suppose he were to bring down a few of our old acquaintances, what then? Even if I could succeed in maintaining that my only connection with Norah Field is an extraordinary likeness to her, would anyone be credulous enough to believe that your likeness to Mrs. Field is equally accidental?"

Mrs. Jackson was silent, unable to meet this by any more hopeful assertions, and Rosalind continued:

"There is nothing for it but hurrying on my wedding. If I could be married at once, Paul Stone would keep silence for Robert's sake."

"At any rate he couldn't separate you then. Yes, get married as fast as you can; and, Rosalind," the widow added, with a touch of pathos, "when you are lifted out of all the bad hard life we've led, don't turn your back on me."

Rosalind put her pretty face down and kissed her mother's cheek. The girl was

destitute of a conscience, almost of any sense of right or wrong, but she was attached as warmly as was possible for her to the mother who had been her sworn ally and supporter ever since, at the age of seventeen, she had entered upon a life of wilful wrong-doing.

"Mother, how can you talk so? You shall never know what it is to wonder where the next money is coming from, or how the bills are to be met. I shall make you an allowance and expect you to live in style. Unless my own castle comes down with a crash first," she ended with a return of uneasiness in her tone.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM that moment it was a race between Rosalind and Paul Stone. Her part was easy. Given a man thoroughly in love, the slightest, most indirect hint suffices to put it into his head to press for an early wedding, and Rosalind succeeded in drawing the request from Robert without his suspecting that she had herself suggested the idea to him.

Meanwhile Paul Stone, as she had rightly surmised, was bent upon exposing her, and so saving his friend from marrying one utterly unworthy of him.

It was long before he obtained the faintest clue to the movements of the Fields after their disappearance from London some years before, and even when the clue was put into his hands he found it impossible to follow it up. But in finding people who had been her witnesses in the action brought by her against his friend, Cecil Hibbert, he was more successful, and at last by a train of circumstances too long to recount in detail, he held in his hands the proofs of Rosalind Jackson's identity with Norah Field.

He was still hesitating as to the best and gentlest way of breaking the miserable news to Robert Hansard when a letter from the latter informed him of his approaching wedding. Twice already the banns had been read in church, and in a few days' time he would be married.

The letter was joyful, even exultant in tone, and Paul felt that the task before him of dashing the young fellow's hopes to the ground was the hardest that he had ever been called upon to perform. Should he see Robert, or write to him? Or—and at this thought his drawn brows relaxed somewhat—should he run down to Cookham Dean, see Rosalind, and give her the chance of breaking off the match

herself? Almost mechanically he drew out his watch—five-thirty—too late for that day, of course, and on the morrow professional work would keep him engaged in town till late at night. Impatiently he resigned himself to waiting till the day after.

The Jacksons—mother and daughter—were, two days later, busy putting the finishing touches to the trousseau, when Paul rang their visitor's bell. At the sound of his voice asking for Miss Jackson both gave a start. They knew, before the servant entered and handed them his card, who their visitor was.

The girl had no sooner left the room than Rosalind and her mother, as if involuntarily, rose and faced one another, white to the lips.

"Don't see him," said Mrs. Jackson in a dry, hoarse whisper.

"Not see him!" exclaimed Rosalind. "I must! What does he know? What does he intend to do? Shall I let him go straight to the Hansards, or does he come from them? If he has exposed us to Robert it is all over with us—all over—we are ruined!"

"Courage, Rosalind," said her mother, "don't give up without a struggle—throw yourself upon his mercy!"

"His mercy!" repeated Rosalind bitterly. "Cecil Hibbert's friend have mercy upon me!"

Mrs. Jackson was silent. Experience told her that this first outbreak of terror and agitation on Rosalind's part would be succeeded by a perfectly self-possessed consideration of her position and of the best course to pursue. And so it was. Rosalind grew calm and rapidly chose her ground. Denial and defiance were useless now. She must represent herself as penitent, miserable, helpless, and throw herself upon the barrister's mercy. In this her beauty, and, even more than her beauty, her gift of appropriate speech and gesture, would stand her in good stead. Hard as Paul Stone was, she might move him by her appeal. It was characteristic of Rosalind that at this juncture she should be careful of her appearance. She wore a silver locket and chain round her neck and a number of bangles on her wrists. All these were laid aside, as also a dainty apron she had donned to work in.

"The simpler the better," she said as she found her mother watching her.

"Yes, yes," assented Mrs. Jackson; "and, Rosalind, a word of warning—don't exaggerate. Any exhibition of distress would

be repugnant to him; restrained misery, silent despair, that is the sort of thing."

Rosalind nodded her head; the warning was unnecessary, for she knew her man. Slowly she crossed the narrow hall, slowly turned the handle of the drawing-room door and stood with head erect before her opponent. With head erect, for she did not intend to commit the blunder of assuming Paul Stone's ability to prove anything against her. But in the stern face she read her doom, and before the calm gaze of her judge her eyes sank to the ground. Paul had never seemed so imposing as now, when drawn to his full unbending height he received her as one wholly in his power.

"Norah Field," he said, addressing her by that name now in a tone that indicated his complete knowledge of her identity. Rosalind did not shrink, but Stone noticed that she grasped hold of the back of a chair as if for support.

"Yes, Mr. Stone."

He had expected to be obliged to extort this admission from her and was surprised at her making it so readily.

"I wished to see you," he continued, "before I spoke to Robert Hansard, and told him whom he was about to make his wife. You, who wrecked the life of my dearest friend, will understand that it is impossible for me to allow this marriage."

He saw that the drooping figure before him was trembling violently, and his compassion was aroused.

"The punishment now falling upon you is heavy," he said more gently, "but it is strictly just. Hitherto you have escaped entirely, but at length the time has come for you too to suffer. I don't know whether you really care for Hansard or not—I find it difficult to believe that you should care for anyone in earnest—but I warn you fairly that you will never marry him. I have only to show him certain papers in my possession and to bring you and your mother face to face with certain people in his presence, to convince him of your unworthiness."

Rosalind was still silent, but trembling so terribly now that she could stand no longer. With a faint choking sob she fell on her knees beside a low table and buried her face in her hands.

Stone was sorely tried; never in his life had he seemed to himself such a brute. But his sense of justice remained unmoved, and he paid no heed to her change of attitude.

"One thing more and I have finished,"

he said; "take your choice between two alternatives—either leave Cookham Dean at once, breaking entirely with Robert Hansard, or wait and hear me accuse you to him. Choose."

Rosalind rose to her feet again, colourless, but self-controlled. Stone could not but admire the brave way in which she received the blow.

"Will you let me speak?" she asked in a low restrained voice, and fixing her eyes pleadingly upon his face.

"Certainly," he replied briefly.

"When—when all that happened," she said, "I was seventeen. Do you think a girl, a child of seventeen, was capable of planning and carrying out that elaborate scheme against Cecil Hibbert? Oh, if you knew how I suffered. We were miserably poor, and he befriended us. I never forgot that—I would not have harmed a hair of his head. But my mother and uncle had me in their power; they forced me to lie, to act, to perjure myself; and then when the case was won, and the money gained, they hurried me away to prevent my spoiling all by a confession. Since then I have repented bitterly. I have tried hard to live a good life. Have mercy, and do not betray me now!"

"Wait!" Stone interrupted her. "Answer a few questions. How are you and your mother living now? Not on Hibbert's money still?"

"No; we—we have not much. We won a good deal at Monaco last year, and—Uncle Simon died and left us some."

"What does Robert imagine you to be living on?"

"Money left to my mother by my father."

"Does he know a single truth about you?"

Rosalind was silent till he repeated his question, and then she faltered out:

"Have pity on me. What could I do?"

Paul turned away abruptly.

"Your behaviour to him has been one long falsehood," he said harshly; "and you ask me to be a party to it—to screen you and deceive him. I, Cecil Hibbert's friend, am to stoop to dishonourable treachery for your sake!"

The scorn in his tone was unmistakable, and a low wail of despair broke from Rosalind.

Swiftly she reviewed her position. Should she accept the alternative of immediate flight, or should she brave the worst and seek to convince Robert of her struggles after goodness and her honest repentance for past wrong-doing. Great

as was her power over him, she knew that the latter course was impossible. Again and again she had noticed in Robert a hatred of deceit which would lead him to turn from her story in horror and disgust.

One more attempt at softening Paul Stone, and if that failed, she would yield and go. This time she spoke passionately, though still careful to maintain an appearance of self-restraint.

"Does honour mean cruelty?" she demanded. "Are you bound, for the sake of your honour, to persecute me relentlessly and to make Robert miserable? Is it manly to hunt down a girl who has once done wrong and to rake up the past against her? If you do this, you throw two women without hope upon the world; and all the harm that came of it, all the wickedness we might be obliged to resort to for a living, would be upon your head! I ask you, Paul Stone, what right have you to push us over the precipice for ever?"

Rosalind's breast was heaving, and she stood with brilliant dilated eyes like a desperate creature at bay, struggling for life itself.

Paul was staggered by her question and half dazzled by the beautiful daring face. Involuntarily he stepped backwards and laid his hands over his eyes as if to shut out a vision that tempted him to make his judgment blind.

Rosalind perceived her advantage and was not slow to follow it up. Her whole manner and attitude changed. Once more the pliant figure sank to the ground, while her face assumed an expression of intense anxious humility.

"Ah, you cannot help pitying me!" she said brokenly. "You are not inexorable. You see that justice here would more than punish me—would condemn me to lifelong misery. Listen! I swear to be a good and true wife to Robert. Have mercy on me; keep my wretched secret, and let me redeem the past!"

Paul believed her to be speaking the truth. His heart failed him, and bitterness finally yielded to compassion.

Yet even at this moment the self-discipline of many years forbade his acting on impulse.

"I can give no promise now," he said gently, stooping over the kneeling girl; "but if it is possible I will spare you and keep silent."

The two figures—Rosalind on her knees and Stone bending towards her—were clearly seen by a third person who at that instant entered by the window. It was

Robert Hansard, who, to avoid ringing the bell, had walked up through the garden and chosen this mode of ingress.

Rosalind sprang to her feet, while Stone, raising his head, quietly surveyed the new comer with a look neither of surprise nor confusion, but of profound commiseration.

Robert, who had hastened up from Cookham in great agitation about a wholly different matter, flushed scarlet, and when Rosalind drew nearer to him, put her ungently aside.

"I demand an explanation," he said violently.

"My lips are sealed," returned Stone, glancing significantly at Rosalind.

The girl, whose courage was certainly worthy of a nobler nature, again approached her lover.

"Robert," she said softly, with a world of entreaty in the eyes that had hitherto exercised unlimited power over him, "I will tell you everything if Mr. Stone will leave us alone together."

"That is not sufficient," said Robert roughly; "tell me before him what has passed between you."

Stone was surprised that Hansard should so address himself to Rosalind, and the girl too felt that his manner was prompted by something more than anger at the scene he had just witnessed.

"Let me speak, Robert," she said imploringly. "There was a dark passage in my life once, and Mr. Stone knew of it. But even he only pities me now, and I know that if I confess it all to you, you will forgive me."

Robert gave a short bitter laugh.

"Has it anything to do with this?" he asked, drawing a letter from his pocket.

"What letter is that?" asked Rosalind quickly, unable wholly to repress her alarm.

He merely showed her the heading of it, and Rosalind, at the first glance, went a deadly white. For the first time her nerve deserted her; she knew she could brave the torrent no longer; do what she would it must engulf her. She uttered not a word.

"You, I suppose, were aware of this," said Robert, turning to Stone and giving him the letter. It was headed, "Office of the Charity Organisation Society," and informed General Hansard, as local magistrate, that a Mrs. and Miss Jackson, residing at Cookham, had been suspected for some time past of gaining money on false pretences, that the charge could now be substantiated and proved, and that the society would be glad of his co-operation in the matter.

Paul Stone read the letter in silence, but Rosalind could not doubt its effect upon him.

"That is all new to me," he said; "but the disclosure opens my lips to speak of what I do know. Norah Field, do you still expect mercy from me?"

Rosalind gave no answer, but went towards the door.

"Stay!" said Stone peremptorily.

Once more the girl's spirit rose.

"I will not," she returned, drawing herself up, and fixing her undaunted eyes upon her foe; "your honour demands that you should ruin me. I leave you to accomplish your design behind my back. To you, Robert, I have only to say good-bye!"

She had never looked more beautiful than at this moment, when flushed with passion and defiance she faced her lover for the last time. A cry of despair escaped the poor young fellow, and as if irresistibly impelled he took a step towards her.

"Rosalind!"

Stone laid a firm hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Let her go, Hansard," he said in a tone of quiet authority. With a groan Robert submitted. The door closed, and the two men were left alone together.

"Go on, Stone," said Robert, flinging himself into a chair and leaning his head on his hands; "tell me everything."

"Not here, my poor boy. Come away. I can tell you on the way home."

Robert rose with a gesture of assent, and they passed through the open window into the garden and thence into the road. Paul's story took long in the telling, but briefly it was this:

Four years ago Cecil Hibbert, a rising young doctor, had been present at a London street accident, in which a young girl was severely injured. He hastened to her assistance, took her home, and attended her through the long illness that followed.

The girl, who was exceedingly lovely and attractive, lived alone with her mother, an actress of no great repute and miserably poor. Noticing the wretched circumstances in which his patient was placed, Hibbert not only gave his professional attendance gratuitously, but generously supplied her with the comforts he deemed necessary for her complete recovery. His frequent visits suggested to Mrs. Field the feasibility of inveigling him into a marriage with her daughter, and for this end she schemed incessantly, the girl entering into

her designs nothing loth. Hibbert, a chivalrous unsuspecting nature, continued his visits, never dreaming of the trap laid before him. At last the day of enlightenment came. He became engaged to a Miss Le Mesurier, to whom he had been long attached, and on hearing of the engagement Norah Field brought an action against him for breach of promise of marriage. Her case, artfully conceived, supported by the evidence of perjured witnesses and forged letters, and carried out with unparalleled effrontery, was successful, the jury awarding heavy damages to the lovely and much-injured Miss Field.

Miss Le Mesurier broke off her engagement, and poor Hibbert, robbed at one blow of wife and honour, went out as army-surgeon to the seat of war in Afghanistan, and there sought and found release from his trouble in death.

Robert listened as one in a horrible dream. Needless to describe his anguish or the sense of utter desolation that overcame him as he looked into the blank cheerless future. Stone treated him with a gentleness and forbearance prompted not so much by sympathy as by the memory of Hibbert's suffering on losing his bride.

When Cookham Lodge was reached it fell to the barrister to give an account of what had passed to the Hansards; and Nettie, in all her sympathy with Robert, found time to notice Mr. Stone's tact and good-feeling.

There is little more to add. The Jacksons, after escaping the hands of justice by immediate flight, pursued their former mode of life at various foreign watering-places. Such people are bound to fall upon their feet, and Paul Stone for one was not surprised to hear, some months later, of Rosalind's marriage to a wealthy elderly man. By that time, however, the young barrister's distrust of women in general had yielded to a new creed concerning them, for Nettie Hansard, as his future wife, had acquainted him with the opposite possibilities of womanhood, and taught him to regard Rosalind as an abnormal specimen of feminine unworthiness.

Now Ready,

THE EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER
OF
ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
CONTAINING
STORIES BY POPULAR WRITERS.
Seventy-two Pages. Price Sixpence.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.

fr
la

M

to
B

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

*The next Division of Profits
will take place in*

MAY, 1883.

BONUS-POLICIES ISSUED IN 1882 WILL PARTICIPATE.

AT THE LAST DIVISION OF PROFITS IN MAY, 1878,
THE RESULTS WERE—

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| TOTAL SURPLUS | £436,560 |
| Moiety of Profits reserved until the next Division of Profits in May, 1883 | £218,280 |
| Shareholders' Portion | 8,339 |
| *Policy-Holders' Portion | 209,941 |
| | £436,560 |

* This sum yielded Additions to Policies payable at Death amounting to £310,878.

ATTENTION IS SOLICITED TO THE ABOVE FIGURES, AS THEY SHOW—

- (1.) That the Shareholders' Portion of Profits in 1878 was less than 4 per Cent. upon the sum divided.
- (2.) That the Moiety of the Surplus Profits left undivided in 1878 was £218,280. This sum will be thrown into the General Surplus in 1883, to be again divided and a Moiety again reserved. The Policy-Holders by this Regulation—which has been in force since the Establishment of the Office in 1806—have the additional Security of a large sum—£218,280 in 1878—improving at Compound Interest. The Interest thus earned at the end of Five Years will exceed £50,000, and the Surplus in 1883 will be augmented accordingly by that sum.

The Annual Dividends are paid *solely* out of the Interest arising from the Investment of the Shareholders' Capital and its Accumulations, and do not withdraw a fraction from the funds of the Assured.

The PROVIDENT is thus shown to possess the advantages of a *Matual Office*, with the additional Security of a Subscribed Capital.

BONUSES exceeding £2,342,000 have already been declared.

~~~~~  
*Prospectuses and full information may be obtained upon application to the Head Office: 50, Regent Street, London, or to any of the Branch Offices or Agencies throughout the Kingdom.*

FOUNDED 1806.

# PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

POLICIES ISSUED IN 1882  
WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE BONUS  
TO BE DECLARED MAY, 1883.

50, REGENT STREET,  
AND 14, CORNHILL,  
LONDON.







GOLD MEDAL

PARIS, 1873.



# JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CELEBRATED STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Every Packet bears the fac-simile  
Signature,

TRADE

**ELECTRICITY IS LIFE**

MARK.

## PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, & BATTERIES

A self-applicable curative, perfectly harmless, and vastly superior to other remedies.

Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHE, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

A few of the daily increasing number of testimonials communicated by grateful patients are reproduced in the pamphlet "Galvanism, Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy," post free on application to

J. L. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent Street, London, W.

## Furnish your House or Apartments throughout ON MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM.

The Original, Best, and most Liberal Cash Prices.  
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR TIME GIVEN.

*Illustrated printed Catalogues, with full particulars of terms, Post Free.*

**F. MOEDER,**

248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD; & 19, 20, 21, MORWELL ST., W.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

## SYMINGTON'S WORLD RENOWNED PATENT HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM-PREPARED. PEA FLOUR

For Soups, &c., in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Packets; and 1s., 1s. 6d., and 3s. Tins.  
PEA SOUP, Seasoned and Flavoured, in 1d., 2d., and 6d. Packets; and 1s. Tins.  
EGYPTIAN FOOD. This Food is a preparation of **Finest Egyptian Lentils**, and other Nutricious Substances. For Invalids and Persons of Weak Digestion, or for Children, it is invaluable. In Tins, 1s. per lb.  
ARABS' COFFEE, in Oblong Tins, 1lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and  $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., 2s. per lb.  
PATENT COFFEES, in Tins, 1lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and  $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., 1s., 1s. 4d., and 1s. 8d. per lb.  
DANDELION COFFEE.—Breakfast Beverage for Persons of weak digestion. In Tins, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each.

**W. SYMINGTON & CO., Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harborough.**

ESTABLISHED OVER FIFTY YEARS.

RETAIL—16, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON. Sold by all Grocers.

# DR. ROOKE'S ORIENTAL PILLS & SOLAR ELIXIR.

THESE WELL-KNOWN FAMILY MEDICINES have had a continually increasing sale throughout the United Kingdom and the British Colonies since their introduction in 1836, and are especially noted for their STRENGTHENING and RESTORATIVE Properties. Hence their invariable success in the RELIEF and CURE of

INDIGESTION,  
LIVER COMPLAINTS,  
ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS,

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION,  
RHEUMATISM,  
GOUT, SCROFULA,  
GENERAL DEBILITY,

And all Diseases of the NERVOUS SYSTEM,

Whether arising from a sedentary mode of life, unhealthy occupation, insalubrious climate, or other cause whatsoever.

The ORIENTAL PILLS are sold in Boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 4s. 6d. each.

The SOLAR ELIXIR in Bottles at 4s. 6d. and 11s. each.

Both to be obtained of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

## DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All who wish to preserve health and thus prolong life, should read Dr. Rooke's "ANTI-LANCET," or "HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE," which contains 172 pages, and is replete with anecdotes, sketches, biographical matter, portraits of eminent men, &c.


It may be obtained GRATIS of any Chemist, or POST FREE from Dr. ROOKE, Scarborough, England.

Concerning this book, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed: "It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think."

# CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR

Is the leading Medicine of the day, and is specially recommended by several eminent Physicians: it has been used with the most signal success for Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Influenza, Consumptive Night-Sweats, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, and all Affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.

 Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR VESSELS," a copy of which can be had Gratis of all Chemists.